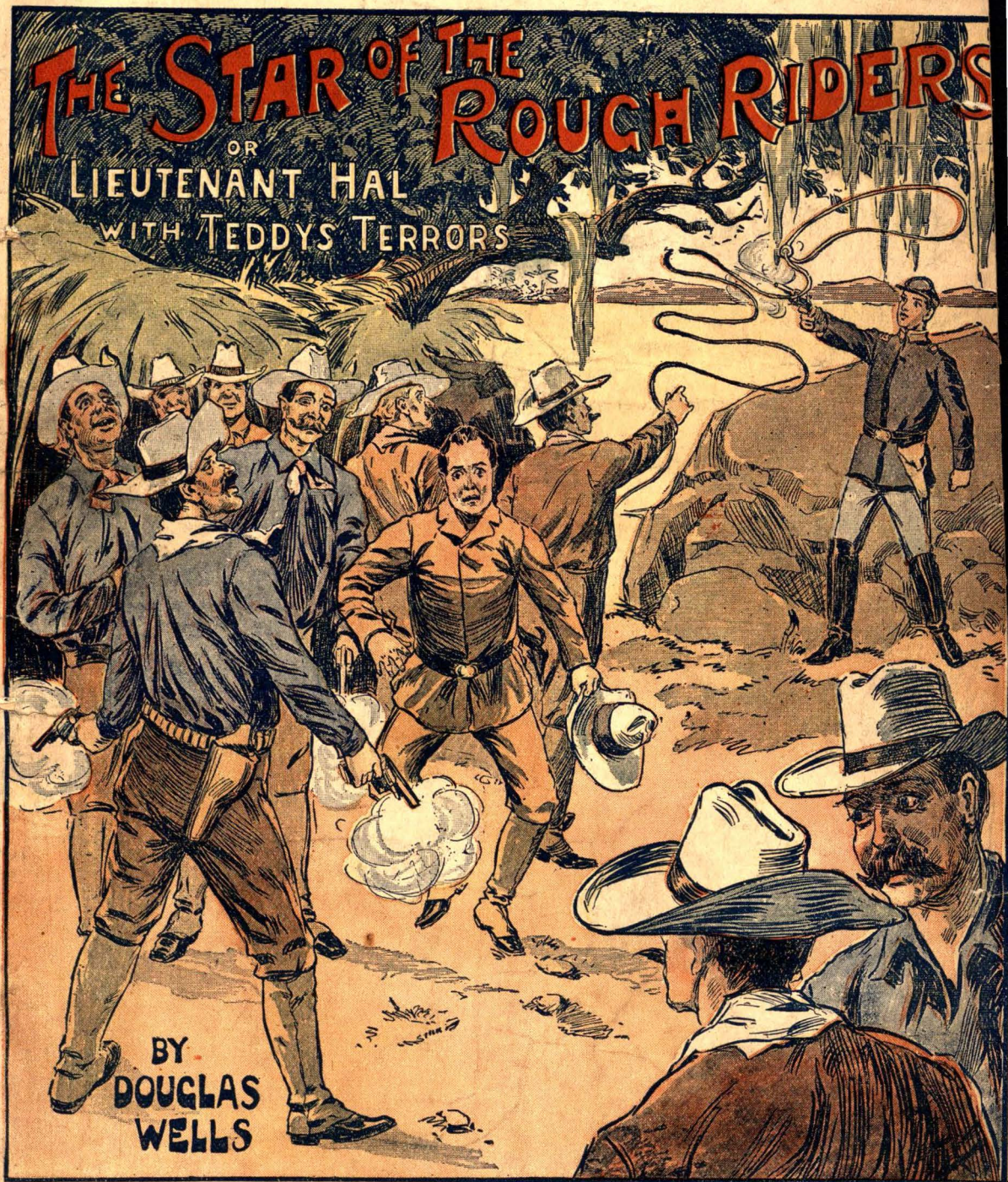


**STARRY**THRILLING STORIES  
...OF...  
OUR VICTORIOUS ARMY**FLAG  
WEEKLY**STREET & SMITH.  
PUBLISHERS

# THE STAR OF THE ROUGH RIDERS

OR  
LIEUTENANT HAL  
WITH TEDDY'S TERRORS

BY  
**DOUGLAS  
WELLS**

HAL'S GREAT SHOT SAVED JUAN FROM FURTHER INITIATION.



C. Enghauge's Book, Cigar, Tobacco & Candy Store  
Over 12,000 New and Old Books and Libraries in Stock.  
Bet. Madison and Washington Sts. 45 S. Halsted St. CHICAGO.

# Starry Flag Weekly

Issued Weekly—By Subscription \$2.50 per year. Entered as Second Class Matter at the N. Y. Post Office, STREET & SMITH, 81 Fulton St., N. Y. Entered According to Act of Congress, in the Year 1898, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, Washington, D. C.

No. 10.

NEW YORK, July 9, 1898.

Price Five Cents.

## THE STAR OF THE ROUGH RIDERS;

OR,

## Lieutenant Hal With Teddy's Terrors.

By DOUGLAS WELLS.

### First Part.

#### CHAPTER I.

##### MISCHIEF AFOOT.

"Look out! Runaway!"

This loud cry threw the street into confusion and excitement. It was in the leading thoroughfare of Tampa, shortly after noonday. There was the usual throng of citizens going about their marketing, errands, and other business, with the usual groups of idle negroes, and, at this time, a variety in color given by men here and there who wore the uniform of the United States army.

At the moment, near where the cry sounded, there were no soldiers, but a considerable number of citizens, men and women both, were walking about.

The women fled instantly to doorways.

The men, looking up the street whence the cry came, observed a powerful black horse, with a military saddle, galloping down the street, and veering from side to side.

The animal threatened to destroy

everything and everybody that came in his path.

It was evident at a glance that the beast had been maddened in some way to intense excitement, and the flying bridle suggested that he had not only broken from the control of his rider, but had thrown him to the ground.

For a moment, it looked as if two or three men would make an attempt to stop the runaway.

Then another cry arose on the air.

"It's one of the Rough Rider's."

This announcement was enough to take the courage out of every man who had thought of getting in the way of the prancing beast.

No, not every one, for while the sidewalks were quickly cleared, and men hastened to follow the women into their retreats in store doorways, one young man, almost a boy in appearance, ran quickly from the curb and advanced without hesitation to the middle of the street.

This young man, so far as his clothing indicated, might have been one of the

BE PATRIOTIC—WEAR A BUTTON.



Rough Riders themselves, or a visiting citizen.

His short coat was belted somewhat after the manner of the Norfolk jacket that was so fashionable a few years ago, and his trousers were encased in cavalry boots. On his head he wore a sombrero, similar to that used by the Rough Riders, but not marked like theirs with initials to designate the command to which he was attached.

"Don't be a blamed fool, young fellow," called a man who was safely hidden behind a hogshead just in front of a grocery. "The tarnal critter'll stomp ye to death."

The young fellow apparently did not hear the warning. At all events, he paid no attention to it. If he had heard it, no doubt his face might have expressed contempt, for he was Lieutenant Hal Maynard, who was too accustomed to danger of many kinds, to worry his head over a runaway horse.

Nevertheless, there was danger in the situation, and no one but a most skilled rider could have ventured to check the flying animal.

Hal had arrived at the middle of the street but half a second ahead of the horse.

The animal, seeing him in the way, immediately veered to one side, and seemed to redouble his speed.

With a grim smile upon his sunburned face, Hal started on the run beside him.

It seemed but the work of an instant.

As quick as a flash, Hal's hand had gripped the loose bridle, and with a mighty spring he threw himself into the air and came down astride the horse's back.

It was so quickly and skilfully done that the frightened spectators forgot their fear sufficiently to send up a shout of admiration.

Their cry of applause was well-deserved, although it may be said it came too soon, for the struggle was but just begun.

The moment the horse felt Hal's weight upon his back, he dug his fore feet into the dust, stopped short, and made a desperate effort to throw the rider over his head.

It looked as if the effort would succeed, for Hal's body shot forward, and his face was exactly over the animal's nose.

The young soldier knew his business there, however, as well as he did in the field, in the general's quarters, on the plantations of Cuba, or wherever else duty called him.

No one could have told how he did it, but somehow, with that skill that only the most expert riders acquire, he returned to the horse's back, and sat there as firmly and easily as if the animal were stationary.

That was far from the case. The beast, undoubtedly completely surprised at his failure to throw the rider, pawed the ground furiously, shook his head and, indeed, his whole body, and repeatedly leaped from the ground with an upward swing of his back, that made the rider's situation not only difficult, but really perilous.

The beast was exercising himself in that way which seems to be a favorite with Taxan horses, and which is commonly known as "bucking."

That it gave Hal comparatively little trouble must have been evident to observers from the amused smile that curved his lips.

It was over in less than a minute.

The horse, convinced that a master hand controlled the bit, quieted down and obeyed the commands as readily as if Hal had been his rider for years.

Then the lieutenant wheeled the horse

SEE OUR NEW COUPON OFFER—LAST PAGE.



about, and walked him slowly up the street, keeping his eyes open for the owner.

He had not himself recognized the horse as belonging to the much talked of Rough Riders, and at this moment, he did not give his mind to guessing on the matter, for another thing attracted his attention.

This was the fact that the bridle, with which the horse evidently had been tied to a hitching post, was cut.

It was evident that a sharp knife had been drawn straight across the strap, and a spot of blood upon the animal's neck suggested that the same knife had inflicted a wound which had caused the horse to break into such a mad gallop.

"Looks like mischief," thought Hal.

Just then, he observed a man in the uniform of the Rough Riders, standing quietly at the curb a few rods away.

This man wore a closely cropped, reddish mustache, and underneath his broad sombrero, a bright glistening showed that he was looking through eyeglasses.

Hal did not recognize him at once, but, supposing that he must be the owner, he reined the horse in that direction.

"Yes, that is my horse," said the Rough Rider when Hal drew rein in front of him.

As he spoke, Hal's attention was attracted by two things. One was the most perfect set of snow white teeth he had ever seen.

They gleamed with almost startling prominence beneath the Rough Rider's mustache.

The other thing that Hal noticed was the fact that the man's uniform bore the marks that proclaimed him a lieutenant colonel.

Hal knew, therefore, that he was addressed by Theodore Roosevelt, famous

the country over for his love of sport and his great ability as a public official.

Instinctively, Hal's hand went to his hat in salute, and as he dismounted, he said, "He is a fine animal, colonel, and I hope this is nothing more than a scratch."

So saying, Hal pointed to the spot of blood upon the horse's neck.

The smile vanished from Colonel Roosevelt's face.

"Whew!" he exclaimed in a tone of consternation, "this is serious."

He examined the wound keenly, and when he raised his eyes, he saw that Hal was holding the bridle rein in such a way that both the severed ends were close to him.

Colonel Roosevelt understood at once.

"Cut," he remarked shortly; "there is mischief afoot here."

There was a slight pause then, during which Colonel Roosevelt seemed to be thinking deeply. Presently, he looked up and said, smiling again as before:

"I forgot myself, sir: I must thank you heartily for capturing my horse."

"Don't mention it, colonel."

"But I must, for you did the trick so skilfully that I thought, until you turned around, that you were one of my command."

"I should be proud to be in your command, sir," said Hal frankly.

"Well, if good riding were the only qualification, you ought to be, but the ranks are full. You ride so well that I suspect you are a Texan."

"Not quite, sir."

"No matter; no Texan rides better. You must see how it was that I mistook you for one of my own command. You are almost in our uniform."

"I have a right to the uniform, sir," replied Hal quietly, "though I am unattached at present."

"Are you in the service, then?"



"I am, sir. My name is Maynard, and I have a lieutenant's commission."

Colonel Roosevelt's eyes opened wide, and his lips parting in a pleased smile again disclosed his remarkable teeth.

"Not Lieutenant Hal Maynard, surely," he said.

"The same, sir," answered Hal.

"Then let me thank you again," exclaimed the colonel, heartily.

He grasped the young lieutenant by the hand, and spoke with evident enthusiasm and sincerity.

"I have heard of you," he said, "and I am exceedingly glad to make your acquaintance. The service is to be congratulated on having such a brave and ingenious soldier as you have proved to be."

"Thank you, colonel," responded Hal, somewhat embarrassed, for, although he had received many a compliment recently, he could not altogether get used to being told of his good qualities to his face.

"I heard only this morning," continued Colonel Roosevelt, "about the way you saved the dispatch bag when you were acting as aide to General Lee. Lieutenant Kimberly, who would have gotten his death out of that matter, if it had not been for you, is at our camp now. He has lots of friends among the Rough Riders, and as soon as he got out of the hospital, he requested permission to put in the time with us."

"I am glad to hear that he is getting on well," said Hal, especially pleased to have the conversation changed to some subject other than himself, "and I will ride over and see him this afternoon."

"Do so," said the colonel heartily, "and when you arrive, look me up, and I will present you to Colonel Wood."

Hal thanked him, saluted, and turned away.

"Wait a minute, lieutenant," called

the colonel, and when Hal had turned about, he added, "Colonel Wood is coming this way now. I want you to meet him."

The commanding officer of the Rough Riders was galloping at a moderate pace down the street.

He saw Lieutenant Colonel Roosevelt, the organizer and really the leading spirit of the regiment which has come to be so familiarly known throughout the country as "Teddy's Terrors," and drew rein at the curb beside him.

Roosevelt spoke to the colonel in a low voice, and the latter immediately afterward dismounted.

Introduction to Lieutenant Hal Maynard followed at once, and then Roosevelt said:

"Can you wait a moment, lieutenant?"

"Certainly, sir."

The two officers then conversed in low tones, and Hal, observing that the conversation was meant to be private, withdrew a few paces.

Their conversation was as follows:

"This is the young lieutenant that Kimberly was telling us about this morning, colonel."

"I am glad to get a look at him," was the response. "He makes a very soldierly appearance."

"He is more than a soldier, colonel."

"Is such a thing possible in the army?"

"I don't mean to say that he is better than other soldiers, colonel, but that he is more than an ordinary infantryman."

"I should think he was, from what we have heard of him."

Roosevelt smiled with good humored impatience.

"Can't you see, colonel," he exclaimed, "that I am trying to tease you

WAR BUTTONS FREE TO ALL READERS.



into asking questions about young Maynard?"

The colonel laughed.

"Yes, I saw that, but I was not going to be teased. Now that you have admitted your game, Roosevelt, what is it, aside from splendid courage, coolness, and quick wit, that makes Maynard so much better than other raw recruits?"

"The fact that he can ride, sir."

"Ah, where is his horse?"

"I don't know, sir. I saw him riding mine. Some rascal, colonel, cut the bridle while I was in the hotel, and, at the same time, attempted to stab the beast in the neck. You see that spot of blood there? Luckily, it is a mere scratch, and the horse is not injured, but of course it frightened him, and he went tearing down the street like a western tornado. Everybody ran to cover as our people on the plains would have done if they had seen a tornado on the way. Young Maynard calmly trotted out into the middle of the road, caught the bridle, and vaulted into the saddle as cleverly as if he had been brought up as a cowboy. There is not a man in your command, colonel, who could have done the trick better."

"No wonder you admire him, then, and I shall be pleased to get better acquainted with such a soldier as that, but at the moment, Roosevelt, I must confess that my interest is more aroused by the cutting of your bridle than it is in Maynard's capture of your horse. What does it mean?"

"Mischief undoubtedly, colonel."

"Have you any idea as to——"

"Yes," interrupted Roosevelt. "I have."

"Who then?"

"A day or two ago," replied Roosevelt, "I noticed a fellow hanging around our camp whose face struck me as strangely familiar. I thought at first that he was

waiting for a chance to speak to me, and so I went toward him, but when I did so, he turned about and walked in the other direction. There is no doubt but that he was trying to avoid me. I paid no further attention to the matter, but, after a little, I remembered who he was. His name is Carrigan. When I was Police Commissioner in New York, he was a member of the force, and he committed some breach of discipline—I cannot recall now exactly what. I remember that I gave him a pretty hard dressing down, and, if I am not altogether mistaken, the result of the trouble was that we broke him."

"Do you mean to say that you discharged him from the force?"

"Yes. He seems a sullen sort of fellow. I remember that I was impressed at the time with his surly, defiant manners, and I should not wonder if he has it in for me, and is trying to annoy me."

"Was he in the vicinity when you went into the hotel?"

"I do not know, and I do not think it worth while to inquire, for the matter has suggested another idea."

"Well."

"You know that more than one of us have been subjected to pretty annoyances recently."

"I do, indeed."

"We have supposed, you know, that it was due to the tendency of some of the men in the infantry to regard the Rough Riders as a lot of favored dudes."

"It looked that way."

"Well, I am inclined to think that this man Carrigan may have been putting up the job on us, and it strikes me that young Maynard may help us to fix the guilt on him."

"How?"

"He is unattached at present," he tells me, and he frankly admitted that he would like to be connected with your

READ THE GREAT PREMIUM OFFER ON LAST PAGE.



command. He looks like one of us, and he rides like one of us, and we all know by this time that in courage and quick wit, he is quite the equal of anybody in the regiment. Now, why not make him one of us for a few days? Everybody, you know, would suppose that he was regularly attached to the regiment, and he would have the advantage of being free to take special assignments of duty without interfering in the least with our regular routine."

"Good idea," exclaimed the colonel, "especially as I have some particular work that I wanted to assign some good man."

"Then shall we try to arrange it?"

"Decidedly. I will keep Maynard busy."

The colonel looked toward Hal, and, catching his eye, nodded.

Hal, seeing that he was wanted, immediately approached and saluted.

"Would you like to act as my aide for a short time, lieutenant?" asked the colonel.

"I should like nothing better, unless it were active service, sir," replied Hal.

"Then I will communicate with headquarters at once. I can reach them by telephone, and I will go into the hotel to do so."

He started to enter, then turned about and asked:

"Is your horse near by the place?"

"Within a hundred yards, sir."

"Suppose you bring him round, then, for if we can arrange this, as I have no doubt that we can, I should like to have you ride with us to the camp."

Accordingly, Hal went to the place where he had hitched his horse, and presently returned with it.

Just as he rejoined Colonel Roosevelt, who had gotten into his saddle, Colonel Wood came from the hotel.

There was a pleased smile upon his face, and he said:

"It is all right, lieutenant. You will receive your orders at my camp, and if you have no objection, you might ride down with us now."

Of course Hal had no objection. He was struck with the unusual courtesy of both officers, in their talk with him, as his superiors, they had the right to command him, although, according to strict military regulations, Hal would not have been required to go to the "Rough Riders" camp until he had received his written instructions to that effect from headquarters.

They started toward the camp at an easy pace, Hal at first falling in behind the others.

In a moment, however, the colonel signified a desire to converse with him, and, accordingly, Hal reined his horse beside the officer's, and so they continued down the road abreast.

The talk was almost wholly of Hal's recent exploits, and in his modest way, he told them how he had foiled the plot of the Spanish dons from Mexico to blow up the fleet of transports at Port Tampa, and he amused them, too, by telling of the various comical adventures that had happened while he was serving as aide to General Lee.

Both the officers were particularly interested in the account of Captain Proffitt's encounter with the strong-minded woman from Boston.

Both knew the captain, and were quite aware of his remarkable habit of using profane language.

As they approached the camp, the conversation flagged a bit.

The attention of all three was attracted by what appeared to be a row, at the roadside a little distance ahead.

DO YOU WANT A FLAG BUTTON OR PIN?



A pie vender had set up his stand there.

It consisted of nothing but a rough plank, laid across two barrels.

On the plank a dozen or more pies were exposed for sale, and they were protected from the sun by a well worn blanket that had been stretched on the top of four sticks driven into the ground.

It was the crudest of the many such shops which had sprung into existence like magic all around the great army camps.

It seems that soldiers are extravagantly fond of pie, for nothing at Tampa has sold more extensively than that article, since the army went into camp there.

The proprietor of this stand was an ill-dressed, lanky, sun-burned white man, one of the kind contemptuously referred to as "white trash."

At this moment, he was having trouble from a couple of infantry privates, who evidently were browbeating him into giving them pie on credit, or for nothing, which would amount to the same thing. The two soldiers were rough fellows, such as are to be found in every large crowd of men, and it looked, too, as if they had lost what little sense of decency they had through too much drink.

At the moment when the attention of Hal and the officers was attracted to the scene, the soldiers were making a grab for a pie plate, and the dealer was struggling to take it away from them.

In the confusion and the pulling and hauling, the rude table was upset, and all the pies fell into the dust, each one, as luck would have it, turning plate upward.

Two or three were promptly trampled upon by the rowdy soldiers.

"Tar an' Hemlocks," cried the pie dealer, more in disappointment than in anger, "there's all my stock gone to ruin,

you Northern thieves; fine men, you are, to defend to your country, ain't you?"

The soldiers laughed boisterously, and stooped to pick up such pies as were not wholly destroyed, intending to make off with them.

Hal's indignation was aroused.

Such conduct on the part of a soldier angered him to the core, for it was not only unsoldierly-like, but it was unfair, in that two men should take a mean advantage of another who had given them no cause to do so.

The young lieutenant looked inquiringly at the officers.

Both Wood and Roosevelt were frowning darkly.

It was evident that they, too, despised the conduct of the soldiers, and were indignant at it, but they were officers, the event was occurring outside the camp lines, and the men were not connected with their command.

Hal saw that they did not feel it dignified to interfere, on account of their rank.

He touched his hat to Colonel Wood, and said simply, "May I, sir?"

"Yes," growled the colonel, "go ahead."

Hal immediately spoke to his horse, who broke into a rapid gallop. He reined the animal directly toward the pie stand.

It was at the instant the ruffianly soldiers were stooping to take possession of the pies they had upset.

They were so intent upon their mischief that they did not realize any one was approaching until he was upon them.

Then they hastily tried to scramble out of the way.

Hal let go the bridle, rose a little in his stirrups, and leaning far over, caught each man by an ear.

Then he brought their heads together.

Thwack!

**"REMEMBER THE MAINE!" WEAR A "MAINE" BUTTON.**



The sound of the collision could have been heard a hundred yards away.

The concussion was so violent that both men doubtless saw a million or so of stars.

They rolled full length upon the ground, and for about a second were unable to rise.

Meantime, Hal galloped on.

Turning in his stirrups, he saw the two soldiers get to their feet, pressing their hands to their heads.

They looked in amazement and fear at the passing officers, and then took to their heels, and as they ran, they staggered from the effects of the blow that Hal had caused their heads to make against each other.

"There's for your pies, Judge," called Hal, as he took a half dollar from his pocket and tossed it to the astonished dealer.

Then he wheeled about and rejoined the officers.

"A good soldier," Colonel Wood was saying to Colonel Roosevelt. "He is fair-minded and generous; everything young Maynard does shows him to be a soldier from top to toe."

Hal did not hear this, but when he came up with the officers, the colonel said to him:

"Well done, lieutenant, I wish you could be around whenever anything unmanly like that happens."

Hal answered with a quiet "thank you," and the rest of the trip to the camp was accomplished without accident.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE DUDE RIDER.

Hal had little to do during the rest of that day.

There was some routine work in the way of attending to the colonel's papers, but this was as child's play to him, for his

experience with General Lee had made him familiar with such work, and in this instance, the papers were comparatively unimportant.

The time passed pleasantly, however, for he found Lieutenant Kimberly there, and they talked over the exciting incident connected with the dispatch bag, in which Kimberly came so near losing his life, and in which the Spaniards came so near to getting possession of Uncle Sam's secrets.

Kimberly introduced him to other officers among the Rough Riders, among whom were two who proved to be very pleasant acquaintances.

These were Major Dowd and Lieutenant Harper.

These and all others with whom Hal came in contact, took it for granted that he had become a regular member of the regiment, and his reputation had gone so far that he found himself heartily welcomed.

"The fact is," said the major, "the regiment was filled chuck up to the limit before we left Texas, and there were enough disappointed candidates who couldn't get in, to make two or three battalions, but it seems there is always room for one more, especially when he is a good man, and I reckon, lieutenant, that we will manage to keep you with us and make things interesting for each other."

On the following morning, Colonel Wood, having business elsewhere, left Hal in charge of his quarters.

It looked as if it would be an idle time, for there was nothing to do at the moment, and Hal's instructions were simply to tell visitors that the colonel was away and would not return until the afternoon.

Accordingly, Kimberly, Major Dowd, and Lieutenant Harper sat in the shade before a doorway, conversing.



No long time had passed when their attention was attracted by a young man in a fashionable riding suit who was walking slowly through the camp.

A pace or two behind him was another man whose costume immediately suggested that he was a servant.

"That fellow," remarked the major, "looks as if he were just in from a fox hunt."

"Wonder who the other is," said Harper.

"Guess it is a valet," suggested Kimberly

The two passed out of sight, and were forgotten until, a moment later, when an orderly approached and saluted Major Dowd.

As it was evident that the orderly had some special communication for the major, the latter arose and went aside with him.

When the major returned, there was a comical twinkle in his eye.

"The orderly," he said, "didn't know Lieutenant Maynard, but, understanding that I was ranking officer, gave his information to me. The fact is, gentleman, we have got a new candidate for the regiment. It is the hunter!"

"The what?" asked Harper.

"That fellow we saw in the fancy rig," returned the major.

"Great Scott!" cried Kimberly, "does he think he can fight?"

"It seems so; at all events, he is here to join the regiment, and he hasn't the faintest idea that he will not be accepted. Evidently he knows nothing whatever about military regulations. Lord! but it makes me wish that I wasn't ranking officer for about half an hour."

"What would you do, major?" asked Harper.

"Do?" replied the major, with a queer smile; "I can't say off-hand, but I have

just Irish enough in my blood to believe that I should find some way to have fun with the dude."

The major looked extremely regretful.

"Colonel Wood will not be back until afternoon," murmured Harper, thoughtfully, "and Teddy, too, is out of the way. You know the proverb, major."

"What proverb, lieutenant?"

"When the cat is away the mice will play."

"Lieutenant," said the major, solemnly, "by all my Irish ancestry, you tempt me, but I cannot forget my dignity as an officer. This is war, Lieutenant Harper, and not a comic opera."

"It is a pity to let a chance for a little fun go by, just the same," said Harper.

Hal looked up and caught the major's eye.

The young lieutenant had wanted to make a suggestion from the beginning of the conversation, but had hesitated to do so from fear of giving offense.

Now the major seemed to understand him, for he repressed a smile, and said:

"Lieutenant Maynard, I believe the colonel has confided the dignity of this regiment to you, and I feel that I am in the way. I will retire, lieutenant, and watch proceedings from a distance."

"All right," said Hal. "Tell the orderly to send what's his name to me."

"This is his name," said the major, handing a card to Hal. "The orderly gave it to me when he first came up."

Hal took the card and read:

"Mr. Montmorency DeWitte."

"Doesn't seem like a military name," said Hal, "but we will see what the fellow is made of."

Instructions were given to the orderly to bring the candidate to the colonel's quarters, and accordingly a moment later the young man in the hunting suit appeared.



Major Dowd meantime had taken his departure. Lieutenant Harper also had said that he would go, but Hal asked him to remain.

"I am Colonel Wood," he whispered, hurriedly, "and you are my aide."

"Whew!" exclaimed Harper, "I see. I am with you, colonel, but you want to make sure that you get through with this job before Wood or Teddy gets back."

"I'll chance it," said Hal.

By this time Mr. Montmorency DeWitte stood before them.

He looked inquiringly at the three officers. As they were all the same rank, there was no way for him to distinguish which of them was in command. It proved, moreover, that he had not the faintest idea of military customs, and quite likely he could not have told a corporal from a brigadier general from his uniform.

"You wished to see me, sir?" said Hal, pompously.

At the same time he held up the card and glanced at it.

"Yes, sir, colonel, that is my card," replied the newcomer. "I am Montmorency DeWitte. I am descended from the famous DeWitte family and have the best social connections, don't you know, not only in this country, but on the other side, don't you know."

So saying DeWitte squared his shoulders, stuck a single glass in his right eye and squinted through it at the officers.

A little way behind him, stood the man who had been remarked before as one who looked like a servant.

"I am pleased to know you, sir," responded Hal, gravely. "What can I do for you?"

"I have come, colonel, don't you know," replied DeWitte, "to offer my services to your regiment. I grew up with my horses, don't you know, and I

have one that can take a five-barred gate with any nag in the country. The fact is, sir, I brought him over from England with me, where I have been riding him to hounds for the past two seasons. He is a most elegant animal, sir, colonel, sound in every limb, and with wind unequalled, don't you know."

"Am I to understand," asked Hal, soberly, "that you offer your horse or yourself to the regiment?"

"Why, both, don't you know," replied DeWitte, evidently a little astonished at the question.

"Ah!" said Hal, "that's too bad. We might make use of a horse or two, but as to men——"

"You are quite welcome to my services, colonel," interrupted DeWitte, grandly, "my heart, don't you know, glows with patriotic fire. I want to gallop to the defense of my native land, don't you know."

"That is right," said Hal, approvingly.

"I would like to plunge my sword in gore, don't you know," continued DeWitte, as he screwed his eyeglass a little closer to his nose and raised his right arm in a sweeping gesture. "I can handle the foils with precision and skill, learned how in Paris, don't you know; took lessons from the best fencing master there. I have lots of acquaintances among the aristocrats of Spain, met them in London and Vienna, don't you know, but if I should meet them in battle I wouldn't hesitate to engage them. There would be no ill feeling on either side, don't you know, for we should both recognize that war made it quite the proper thing for us to try to touch the other with the point of a blade."

At this moment the candidate for the regiment paused and directed an annoyed glance at Lieutenant Harper.

The latter had been repressing his laughter as he listened, until it seemed

**SHOW YOUR COLORS—GET ONE OF OUR FREE BADGES.**



as if he would suffocate, and at this point he lost control of himself and snickered outright.

"Lieutenant," said Hal, sharply, and with a perfectly straight face, "restrain yourself, sir. Go inside and get me my examination book."

Harper immediately drew a solemn face and stood up.

"Your what, sir?" he said, saluting.

"My examination book, stupid," retorted Hal. "Your mind must be wandering this morning, lieutenant. You will find it lying upon my writing desk."

Harper saluted and withdrew, while Hal turned to DeWitte and said:

"The army should be proud, sir, of such high-toned co-operation as you are willing to give it, but you must understand that one cannot get into the army for the mere asking."

"Pardon me, sir," replied DeWitte, stiffly. "I do not ask to join the army. I offer my services."

This was said with such a bombastic air as if DeWitte believed his services would be gladly accepted, and as if the army would be honored by them, that Kimberly, who had kept his face straight until this time, coughed violently to disguise a laugh.

Hal turned upon him with a stern look, in response to which Kimberly instantly sobered and remarked:

"I am afraid I have caught cold, general."

"You ought to distribute it to the army then," retorted Hal, severely. "In this climate, every man should have his share of whatever coolness there is lying around loose."

Then the mock colonel turned to DeWitte and said:

"I understand you perfectly, sir, but as a matter of form, I shall be obliged to

examine you, sir, as to your qualifications. I suppose you will not object to that?"

"Not as a matter of form, colonel," replied DeWitte, "for I understand that in the army a man has to submit to orders, don't you know. I learned to do that when I was in the Yale crew."

"Ah, indeed!" exclaimed Kimberly, suddenly, "I am a Yale man. What year did you row there?"

DeWitte reddened slightly, and answered:

"I didn't row, don't you know, but I trained in my Freshman year. Doubtless I should have been in the crew, but circumstances made it necessary for me to leave college before the end of the term. My people preferred to have me educated privately, don't you know."

At this moment Parker returned and placed a book in Hal's hands. It was a directory of Tampa, the only book he had found on Colonel Wood's writing desk.

"Is this what you referred to, sir?" asked Harper, with a salute.

"Certainly, lieutenant," replied Hal, holding the book in such a way that his hand concealed the words upon the cover.

He opened it, turned over a few pages and said:

"You have told us so much about yourself, Mr. DeWitte, that I can omit the usual questions, and if your horse is near by, we will proceed to examine you as a rider."

DeWitte did not appear to be in the least disturbed by this announcement.

He turned to the man who stood behind him, and said:

"James, bring Spartan in."

The servant at once withdrew, and while he was gone, DeWitte made another speech, describing the good qualities of his horse, and boasting of his own skill as a rider.

Presently the servant returned with the



horse. It was a fine animal. Anybody could have told that at a glance.

Harper nodded with approval to Kimberly, and both stood up to look the animal over.

"Now, Mr. DeWitte," said Hal, "you may show us how to take a flying mount, then gallop easily down the parade, and return at full speed."

DeWitte immediately turned about, spoke to his horse, which began to trot.

DeWitte ran along beside him, and after a moment vaulted into the saddle.

"Gee whiz!" exclaimed Harper. "He did that better than I supposed he could."

"He really can ride," remarked Kimberly.

"That is probably all he can do," said Hal. "We'll rattle him yet." It proved that so far as ordinary riding went, DeWitte could really sit in his saddle and control his horse very well.

He had learned to ride as a fashionable accomplishment, just as he had probably learned to play tennis and golf. When he returned and dismounted in front of the officers, he said:

"Do you require anything else, colonel? I assure you I should not think of offering my services to any other organization in the army except this, which I understand is composed almost exclusively if not wholly, of gentlemen."

"Every man in it is a gentleman," responded Hal, sharply.

"I am glad to hear it, don't you know, for in the other regiments, there seemed to be so many common fellows."

DeWitte's sneer at the rank and file of Uncle Sam's defenders stirred up Hal's wrath so that he forgot for a moment the part he was playing, and he exclaimed haughtily:

"Every man who serves his country is worthy of respect, and as for the first principles of military life, you obey

orders. If you are not willing to go where you are told you have no business in the army."

"Of course, sir," responded DeWitte, not at all confused, "but I understand that this regiment was organized to give the gentlemen a chance to fight by themselves."

"Well," said Hal. "We will go on with the examination. Lieutenant Harper, take your hat to a point about one hundred yards away, and drop it upon the ground. Mr. DeWitte, go down the parade at full gallop, and pick up that hat without stopping."

"What?" gasped DeWitte, "without leaving the saddle?"

"Certainly, sir."

"But I should fall."

"Then you will not do for us."

"Bless my heart, colonel! Is that required?"

"Of course it is; it is a part of war tactics."

DeWitte looked down the parade where Harper had already gone and laid his hat upon the ground. The dude was a good rider, in an ordinary sense, and he knew it. Moreover, he was not exactly a coward, or if he were, he knew that it would not do to show it.

So he reined his horse about, applied the spurs, and started down the parade.

As he approached the hat the others saw him sway hesitatingly in the saddle, bend part way over, and then rise again with a jerk.

He had passed the hat.

By this time a large number of the Rough Riders had gotten an inkling of what was going on, and they had gathered at their tent doors and along the parade to watch.

They set up a jeering cry when the dude failed to try for the hat.

DeWitte stuck his glass in his eye,

**PATRIOTIC EMBLEMS GIVEN AWAY—SEE PAGE 32.**



wheeled his horse about, and looked indignantly at the crowd of soldiers.

Evidently he was nettled by their contempt, for after a moment he spurred his horse again and again approached the hat.

This time he reached far down while he was still two or three rods from the hat, and it looked as if he might be able to pick it up, although, of course, without that quickness of action which mars the feat of the horsemen of the plains.

His fingers were nearly to the ground, but just as he approached the hat, the horse, not being accustomed to this style of riding, and alarmed at the shouts of the soldiers, veered to one side.

DeWitte grabbed frantically for the hat, which only caused the horse to leap excitedly.

If the animal had kept his pace perfectly steady, it might be that DeWitte would have succeeded in picking up the hat, but as it was, his balance and grip were lost together, and off he went, head first, in the dust.

The soldiers howled in glee, and their laughter might have been heard for a mile away. Hal and Harper ran forward, a little anxious lest the affair had caused injury to DeWitte, but there was no need for their anxiety.

In riding to hounds the dude probably had been thrown many a time, and in this situation he proved himself to be equal to the demand.

He clung desperately to the bridle, and was dragged along the ground for a distance of twenty or thirty feet, but he hung on, and so brought the horse to a stop before either Hal or Harper came up.

"Well, colonel," said DeWitte, as he rose and dusted himself, "I missed it that time, don't you know, but if it is a part of army tactics, I can learn it."

"I really think you can," returned

Hal, who was a little sorry that he had put the man to such a ridiculous adventure. "You really ride very well, Mr. DeWitte, and if it were a matter of nothing but just riding there might be room for you in the regiment, but you see it is a question of accommodations——"

"Oh! don't let that disturb you, colonel," interrupted DeWitte. "I have taken lodgings in the town; I have a very fair suite of rooms there, including bath, and I have me man with me, who can attend to me very well, even in this rather uncivilized part of the country."

"But——" Hal began.

"You need not be at all anxious, colonel," continued DeWitte. "I am fully prepared for service. All my boxes, containing my wardrobe, arrived with me this morning, except one. That was my dress-suit case, but I fancy it will come in on the next train, don't you know, for I telegraphed at once to the station where it was left by mistake."

"Oh, good gracious!" exclaimed Hal in disgust, for the dude's idea of army life angered rather than amused him. "What the deuce do you suppose a soldier has to do with a dress suit?"

"Why," returned DeWitte, with intense surprise, "all the officers in London and Paris put on evening clothes as regularly as other gentlemen."

"The only evening clothes a man wears here," growled Hal, "is his night shirt, if he has the luck to have one."

DeWitte stared. He could not comprehend such a situation, and knew not what to say.

"Moreover," continued Hal, sternly, "the man who thinks to go into the army with a servant tagging after him makes a mistake. There is no place for you in the regiment."

"You—you——" stammered DeWitte.

"If you want to join the army,"

YOU SHOULD HAVE A "DEWEY" MEDAL.



snapped Hal, "apply in the regular way at a recruiting office."

"Do you mean to say that you decline my services, colonel?" asked DeWitte in a tone of greatest amazement.

"That is what I mean. You must offer your services to a recruiting officer and go where you are told to without question, but there is no room for you here."

There was a moment's pause while the dude looked through his single glass, at the officers who stood grinning around him.

Then with an air of offended dignity he turned to his servant, saying:

"James, you may pack up my boxes again, and we will go back to London."

This announcement stirred up a howl of laughter, and to a chorus of jeers and jibes, Montmorency DeWitte left the Rough Riders' camp behind him, and together with it all idea of obtaining military glory.

## Second Part.

### CHAPTER III.

#### A SILENT PRISONER.

The misplaced ambition of Montmorency DeWitte was an interesting topic for conversation during the rest of the forenoon.

Major Dowd returned to the colonel's quarters as soon as the affair was over, his good-humored face red with laughter, and his sides aching.

"I couldn't have done better myself, my boy," he said, with a friendly slap of the hand upon Hal's back.

"I don't know what Colonel Wood would think of it," remarked Hal, a little doubtfully.

"He will be as ticked as any one else, when he hears of it," said the major, confidently. "Nobody is going to get

into any trouble over a little lark like that."

It proved that the major was right. The affair was regarded by the entire regiment as a huge joke, and naturally enough, little attempt was made to keep it a secret, so in the course of the day not only Colonel Wood, but Lieutenant Colonel Roosevelt heard all about it.

What they thought of it cannot be told with certainty, for neither of them said a word to Hal on the subject, but there was a suspicious twinkle in the lieutenant colonel's eyes when, shortly after noon, he summoned Hal and said:

"The colonel directs that you ride with Dowd's battalion this afternoon. They are going out to practice certain evolutions that will probably come in handy when we get to campaigning in Cuba. You are to take your orders from the major."

Hal saluted, and was about to withdraw when Colonel Roosevelt indicated that he had something more to say.

"We have not found out," he said, "who attempted to disable my horse this morning. Now we have no intention, lieutenant, of asking you to hunt the scoundrel down, but we do feel that the mischief being done to this command should be stopped, and we should be very glad if you would keep your eyes open for anything that may suggest a way."

"I will do what I can, sir," said Hal.

"I know you will, and I am going to give you just one point that may be helpful and it may not."

Hal listened while the lieutenant colonel told him about the ex-policeman, Carrigan.

"I don't want to make any trouble for Carrigan," said Roosevelt in conclusion, "but if he is really acting maliciously, it must be stopped, and if you think he is, we can turn him over to the civil authori-

RALLY ROUND THE FLAG—WEAR A FLAG PIN.



ties. I do not care to make a military case of it, unless it should prove that there is something more in the matter than mere hostility to me personally."

"I think I understand you, sir," returned Hal.

The lieutenant hesitated; he wanted to ask a question, but as it is not the custom for subordinate officers to question their superiors, he held his tongue until Roosevelt observed his manner, and saw what it meant.

"Speak freely, lieutenant," he said. "This is a matter where I shall be very glad to get your advice."

"Oh! I have no advice to give, sir," responded Hal, "but if you could give me a description of Carrigan, or point him out to me, it would be easier for me to size him up."

"Certainly," responded the lieutenant colonel, promptly. "Carrigan was idling about near here, not ten minutes ago. We will step out and see if he is still in the vicinity."

The two had hardly gotten in the open air before Colonel Roosevelt, looking straight down the parade, remarked, quietly:

"If you will look over my right shoulder you will see Carrigan standing with his hands in his pockets, near the quartermaster's tent."

"I see him, sir."

"It is time for you to report to Major Dowd, lieutenant."

Hal saluted, and went at once to Major Dowd, who received him now with military formality.

The fun and freedom of the morning were over, and now was the time for duty.

A few minutes later the major and his battalion, accompanied by Hal, were cantering eastward; in that direction the country speedily became wild.

Buildings were infrequent, and cultivated fields rarer and rarer, until at length the troops came to a section that was half forest and half a tangle of undergrowth.

For some time the horsemen were put through some difficult evolutions in this spot.

The drill was designed to train them in the work they would have to do in the wilds of Cuba, and although the horsemen were as experienced as any body of cavalry that was ever gotten together, they found not a little to learn in making their way through the bushes and trees here.

The place was several miles from the camp, and certainly as much as two miles from the nearest dwelling.

The major had nearly satisfied himself with the drill, and was intending to make one more imaginary charge before returning to camp.

This charge would lead the battalion further into the forest than they had gone before.

The men lined up with as good a formation as the difficulties of the ground made possible, and at the word went plunging in among the trees.

They had gone but a few rods when an unexpected clearing appeared in front.

At the further side was a rude hut which did not appear to be occupied.

The ground looked as if the persons who had done the clearing had attempted to establish an orange grove there and given it up, for the place was mostly overgrown with weeds and bushes. Here and there were a few undeveloped, unhealthy-looking orange trees.

"We could imagine, lieutenant," said the major to Hal, who was riding beside him, "that the enemy had decoyed us to this clearing, and that they were concealed in the brush on the other side,



from whence they could give us a raking fire while we were crossing."

The troops had just entered the clearing when the major spoke.

Suddenly the major's horse whinnied and reared himself upon his hind legs, quivering in every muscle.

"What the dickens," began the major.

The horse came down, but rested his weight on only one of his forefeet.

"Something wrong, major," exclaimed Hal, dismounting hurriedly.

He stood beside the major's horse, took the raised hoof in his hand and examined it.

Bedded in between the toes was an ugly lump of iron, with three sharp prongs extending from it like the rays of a star.

Hal plucked the thing out, and without a word held it up so that the major could see it.

"Great Scott!" exclaimed Major Dowd in a horrified tone. "Caltrops!"

"That is what it is, and no mistake," said Hal, "more to himself than to his superior officer.

The major's voice rose in loud command to his men.

"Halt!" he cried, "dismount, every man, and lead your horses back."

Then he turned to Hal and added:

"Tether your horse here, lieutenant, and examine the ground along the line of the clearing."

Hal obeyed promptly, and slowly made his way for a couple of rods on his hands and knees, poking his fingers to the very roots of the grass, and pulling out every hard object that he found.

The result of his search in this short space was a collection of the spiked iron nuggets, enough to fill his hat.

Major Dowd was fairly aghast when Hal showed him the lot.

"By Jupiter!" he cried, "are we in an enemy's country or is this America?"

"It might be Spanish soil, from the looks of these," replied Hal.

It may be explained in passing that caltrops are contrivances used to throw in the way of the enemy's cavalry, with the hope that the horses will step upon them, and thus become disabled for further action.

It sometimes happens that caltrops are made of any sort of material that happens to be handy in a camp.

Nails or spikes may be driven through pieces of board and left with their ends sticking upward.

If there are no nails at hand, it is sometimes customary to strew broken bottles across the supposed line of the enemy's advance.

A well-equipped camp, however, always has a supply of these iron articles, which are made expressly for the purpose.

It is no wonder, therefore, that the major doubted for an instant whether he was on friendly soil or in the land of the enemy.

Fortunately, his own horse was the only one that had advanced far enough to receive injury.

Of course it was out of the question that any detachment of the Spanish army had invaded Florida in sufficient numbers to establish a camp, and make any sort of fight against Uncle Sam's soldiers, but there was equally no question in the major's mind that these caltrops had been strewn by an enemy.

It was no ordinary mischief, but a genuine act of war, and naturally the officer was greatly disturbed by it.

"This matter must be reported to Colonel Wood at once, and so to headquarters," he said, earnestly. "Meantime there must be some scouting. I cannot risk my men and their horses to cross that clearing, which seems to be thickly covered with these pesky things. Go

YOU SHOULD GET A WAR BADGE AT ONCE.



around the clearing, lieutenant, keeping under cover of the trees, and explore a bit. Take a look into that shanty, and examine the woods back of it for a distance. Report back to me, at the place where we began this last charge."

Hal saluted, and obeying a further command from the major, untethered his horse and gave the bridle to an orderly, who led the animal back with the rest of the troops.

Then Hal crept around through the forest as directed until he could see the cabin at the edge of the clearing, a few rods away.

Up to this time he had come across nothing that seemed significant.

He had looked particularly for any sign of a path or broken twig, to show the recent passing of men or animals.

He exercised a great deal of caution as he went toward the cabin, and he believed that it was well he did so, when he saw a man seated on the ground, with his back against the cabin.

The man sat so that he was out of view from the other side of the clearing which had been approached by the cavalry in their charge.

It did not look exactly as if this man were trying to conceal himself.

He sat with his elbows on his knees, and his chin in his hands, in the one spot where the cabin gave a shade from the hot rays of the sun.

It was just such an attitude as many a Southern laborer takes at midday when he rests from work.

At first Hal thought the man was a negro, for his complexion was very dark, but as he drew nearer, he saw that it was a white man, and the swarthy complexion instantly suggested the Spaniard.

Hal had come within ten feet of him before the man observed him.

Then, looking up and seeing the soldier, the man jumped to his feet.

"Halt! stand where you are," cried Hal, sharply.

He emphasized his command by aiming his revolver at the man.

For one instant, the man looked at Hal and at the weapon as if hesitating; then he started on the run; not across the clearing, but making to one side so as to enter the forest near the cabin.

It would have been the simplest thing in the world for Hal to have dropped him with a bullet.

"Better not," the lieutenant said to himself. "If he is a spy, it will be much better to capture him alive."

Accordingly Hal leaped after him and easily overtook him.

When he came up and laid his hand on the man's shoulder the latter turned about and lunged savagely at the young soldier with his clinched fist.

Hal parried the blow, but in so doing lost his grip for just a second upon the man's shoulder.

The man was quick to take advantage of the situation.

He jumped back, and his right hand reached to his waist.

Hal confidently expected the next instant to see the flash of a dagger.

He did not mean that the man should have the chance to raise it, so he recovered his balance and rushed again to the attack with both hands extended.

In one he held his revolver by the muzzle, intending to use it as a club to subdue his enemy if necessary.

It was not a dagger that the man drew from beneath his coat.

Instead, there was just a flash from a piece of paper which he crammed into his mouth and made desperate efforts to swallow.



This act more than aroused Hal's determination to capture the man alive.

He was upon the fellow now, and throwing his left arm about his neck, and tripping him at the same time, he threw him heavily to the ground and forced his head back.

The man uttered not a word, although he grunted heavily as he fell. An edge of the paper was sticking from between his teeth.

Not heeding the blows which the man rained upon him at short range, Hal placed his knee upon the fellow's chest, and used both hands to pry his jaws apart.

His young muscles of steel triumphed speedily.

The dark-faced man's mouth was opened, and the paper was torn from it.

Any one who has tried it knows that about the most difficult thing to swallow is dry paper.

If it had not been for this fact Hal would not have been able to prevent the man from concealing a document that proved to be of great value to the American cause.

The young lieutenant did not pause even to look at the paper.

He thrust it into a pocket, and springing up, leveled his revolver again at his antagonist.

"Now, then," he exclaimed, sternly, "get up and march."

The man rose to his feet, and placing his fingers upon his lips, shook his head.

"I know you did not succeed in swallowing the paper," said Hal, "I have that safe enough. About face, now, and at the first attempt to run, I will put a bullet into you."

The man obeyed without a word, and tramping steadily in front of Hal, came at length to the place where Major Dowd and his command were waiting.

"Ha! you have a prisoner, have you?"

Then turning to the captured man, he added:

"Who are you, and what are you doing here?"

For reply the prisoner again placed his fingers upon his lips and shook his head.

"Major," whispered Hal, "he has not said a word since I tackled him. He must be deaf and dumb."

Such appeared to be the case, for no threats of the major induced the prisoner to speak.

Whether he was feigning dumbness, or whether the infliction was real, could not be said. The fact remained that, from that time on, the prisoner was absolutely silent.

## CHAPTER IV.

### HORSES IN DANGER.

The prisoner was bound securely, and placed upon the saddle of one of the soldiers, who thus bore him back to camp.

A little before the battalion reached the lines a man was met who attracted the attention of all, from the simple fact that he carried a satchel.

He was an ordinary looking man, and nobody would have given him a second thought if it had not been that he was tramping off into the wild, almost uninhabited country with hand baggage.

"Wonder where he is going," was a very common remark of the soldiers as they passed him.

"Guess he's going to spend the summer at his country residence in that clearing," suggested one of the men jocosely.

He did not address the soldiers, and none of them spoke to him. If nothing else had happened, all would have forgotten about him before the day was over.

But, as it proved, it was very fortunate



that he passed before the eyes of the battalion, for thus he came under the observation of Lieutenant Hal, who, shortly afterward, found use for him.

Meantime the paper taken from the prisoner's mouth had been examined.

It looked like a letter; it was written in Spanish, a language which many of the Texan members of the Rough Riders understood very well.

Hal, of course, could read Spanish as well as he could English, owing to his long experience in Cuba.

Major Dowd asked him to look the paper over, and to translate it.

This is what Hal read:

"Dear Sir:—Knowing your friendship for the Spanish cause, I write to advise you that the best thing you can do for Spain while you are in Florida is to disable that part of the American army known as 'Teddy's Terrors.'

"As you are doubtless aware, this peculiar organization is an independent regiment of cavalrymen.

"It is composed of the most skilful riders in the United States, and it goes without saying that these men have possession of horses of the finest grade.

"Now, my dear sir, there is nothing that the Spaniards have reason to fear more than skilful cavalry.

"Our artillerymen will defend the coast successfully, and destroy the American navy, one ship after another.

"Our infantry, well placed in their intrenchments around Havana and elsewhere, will slaughter such of the infantry regiments as are not disabled by disease.

"Spain is not weak in her cavalry, but owing to the condition of the country, an attack by a strong cavalry force, especially when the men are of such desperate characters as these Terrors are known to be, will be a very serious blow to us.

"We have reason to believe here that it is a part of the American plans to send 'Teddy's Terrors' to Havana at a very

early date. They may embark this week. If it is in any way possible, you must prevent them from doing so.

"It is not to be supposed that, with only your two or three faithful friends, you can do anything against the men in that regiment; you would surely be arrested before you could kill more than a handful, but if you direct your energy against the horses, there ought to be every reason to expect success.

"Try it, my dear sir, and know that if you succeed you will have struck a hard blow for the cause of Spain.

"I leave the details to yourself; your ingenuity and patriotism will suggest better devices than I can think of at this distance.

Yours for Spain,

"Rimio Sanchez."

This letter was without date or place of sending, but from the nature of it, it was judged that it was sent from Havana.

The name of the party to whom it was sent was also lacking, but that seemed to be unimportant, inasmuch as Lieutenant Hal had captured the man.

"Well, well!" said Major Dowd, when Hal had finished the translation. "I should say that we were in the enemy's country. I don't know how long that fellow has been fixing the job he tried to play on us, but I can see his plan as clear as day."

Hal asked no question, but the major went on to explain.

"He must have been observing the way in which we conducted our drills. When we first got to this part of the country, we did not manœuvre in the woods at all, but as we got more used to the ground, we went further and further inland, making a little advance each day; so you see this Spanish sympathizer must have calculated that in time we would charge across that clearing, and he sowed



the place with caltrops, in the hope that every horse in the battalion would be disabled by them. Isn't that straight, lieutenant?"

"It looks so, sir," said Hal.

"Looks so!" cried the major; "it is so. The rascal does not need to talk to tell me that."

The circumstances, of course, were reported at once to Colonel Wood. The officer was at the moment in a state of much anxiety concerning something that had happened during the absence of Major Dowd and his battalion.

It seemed that a seedy-looking man had wandered into the camp, and made inquiries as to whether any of the horses needed the attention of a veterinary.

Of course he was informed that a veterinary surgeon was attached to the regiment, and that even if some of the horses should fall ill, there would be no need to apply for outside assistance.

"There ain't a better veterinary in the entire country," the stranger had said, "and more than that, there ain't a man who loves horses better than I do. You have got some powerful fine animals here, and it does my heart good to look at them."

He seemed to take such a genuine interest in horses that a number of the men who were exercising their animals at the time permitted him to look them over.

While this was going on, nobody noticed it, but afterward it was remembered that the strange veterinary caressed every animal that came within his reach.

He lingered about the camp for a long time after he was assured that there was

no business for him there, but nobody disturbed him, as, on the whole, he was rather a more interesting visitor than were most of the civilians who had free access to the place.

At length he departed, and hardly had he disappeared when a horse showed symptoms of illness.

As this horse had been in perfect health previously, the soldier who had charge of it was more than astonished.

He hurried to the veterinary of the regiment, but that official happened to be away.

Not knowing what to do, the soldier looked around the camp, trying to find the strange veterinary, thinking to give him a job, but as before stated, the stranger had gone.

The soldier, however, in the course of his search, came upon one man after another whose horse showed similar symptoms. In the course of half an hour it proved that fully a score of horses, all of them fine animals, were taken down with a mysterious illness.

The matter, of course, was reported immediately to regimental headquarters, and the officer of the day sent orderlies flying to find the regular veterinary.

By the time Major Dowd's battalion returned from its practice march, Colonel Wood had come back to camp, and the veterinary also.

Just after Major Dowd had made his report and turned over the prisoner with the letter that Hal had captured, the veterinary sent word to the colonel to the effect that every horse thus far examined had been drugged.



"I have got at them in time to save them all," was the message that the veterinary sent.

"It is evidently a part of the same game," exclaimed Colonel Wood.

"What has become of the strange veterinary?" asked Lieutenant colonel Roosevelt.

"He went out of camp to the eastward," replied an officer who stood by.

"Was he a long, lean man, with a handbag?" asked Major Dowd, excitedly.

"That describes him," said the officer.

"Then we saw him."

"How long ago?" asked the colonel.

"About twenty minutes."

"Send after him instantly, and bring him to camp."

This order was addressed to Major Dowd, who turned toward Hal.

Before the major could speak the colonel said:

"You are looking in the right direction, major. Lieutenant Maynard is just the man. Jump to your horse, lieutenant, and bring that rascal back to camp dead or alive, alive if possible."

Hal saluted and rushed from headquarters to where his horse was tethered.

It was the work of but an instant to unfasten him, spring upon his back, and start at a mad gallop in the direction from which he had just come.

Hal had no doubt that the veterinary was going to the clearing in the woods where the caltrops had been found. It was plain enough that this man was in league with the prisoner, and as he cantered over the road Hal studied over what

he had heard at headquarters, and saw how easy it was for the scoundrel to drug the horses as he had done.

A hypodermic syringe is so small an article that it can be easily held in the palm of one's hand, and thus concealed from view.

While pretending to caress the horses, the supposed veterinary could have pressed the bulb of the syringe, and thus have injected a drop of poison beneath the skin of the animal. A powerful drug thus used would be sufficient not only to produce sickness, but the death of the horse, unless remedies were applied in time.

The lieutenant had been galloping over the road less than a quarter of an hour when he caught sight of the man with a handbag some distance ahead of him.

He pressed the spurs gently against his horse's flanks, and went ahead at increased speed.

When he had come within two hundred yards of the man, the latter turned about, and perceiving that he was pursued, immediately left the road and struck off upon the run across an open field.

Hal left the road at the same time, and took a course designed to head the fellow off before he should reach the cover of the forest, which at that point was extremely thick with undergrowth.

The man on foot had a good start, but the speed of the horse was too much for him, and he soon realized that he would be unable to reach the woods ahead of the horseman.

Thereupon he turned about and knelt upon the ground, opening his handbag as he did so.



Hal was going at such speed that he was almost upon the fellow by the time the handbag was open.

Then the man stood up suddenly, leveled a revolver at Hal, and fired.

It was the usual case of Spanish marksmanship. The ball went—no matter where, for it touched neither Hal nor his horse.

Next instant, the faithful animal, held steadily to his course by Hal's firm hand, dashed straight upon the man and overturned him.

Hal was down in less than a second, and reaching for the enemy, who was trying to use his revolver.

The horse had stumbled, owing to the collision, and for just a moment, there was a confused heap of horse and men upon the ground.

Then there came the crack of a revolver, and this time the bullet found a mark.

The supposed veterinary lay back dead.

Whether he had committed suicide rather than risk the certain death which would follow his capture, for he would certainly be tried and found guilty of being a spy, or whether he had tried to shoot Hal, and his aim had been diverted by the falling horse, so that he killed himself accidentally, never could be known.

The fact was that he was killed instantly, and in the open bag beside him Hal saw, among other things, a small hypodermic syringe, with which, undoubtedly, he had attempted to disable the horses at camp.

### Third Part.

#### CHAPTER V.

##### IN DEATHLY OOZE.

"Bring him back, dead or alive."

This was Colonel Wood's order, and Hal now set about trying to obey it.

He first fastened the man's handbag to the pommel of his saddle, then he lifted the dead body upon the horse's back, and fastened it there with a halter.

This done, he mounted and set out upon his return.

He had hardly reached the road again when his horse halted, turned his head until he could see his master, and whinnied.

It sounded as if the horse were in pain.

"What's the matter, old chap?" asked Hal, soothingly.

The horse shook his head, shivered a bit, and whinnied again.

It was evident that something had gone wrong.

Hal's heart was heavy, for he loved the faithful animal, and he feared at once that the veterinary had managed in the brief struggle to inflict a fatal wound on him.

Accordingly, the lieutenant got down and made a thorough examination of the horse.

He found nothing in the way of a wound, or any other sign to indicate that the horse had been treated like those in the camp.

There was, however, a swelling upon the foreleg that suggested a severe sprain, and when Hal ran his finger slightly over it, the horse whinnied and shivered as before.



"This won't do," thought Hal. "The poor chap cannot carry this load to camp I shall have to leave him here, or else leave the dead man here, and walk to camp—but, confound it, the orders were to bring him back. The colonel could not expect me to carry him in my arms all that distance, although I could do so if it were necessary."

Hal thought a minute and looked toward the west. The sun was almost setting.

What he feared most in the situation was that if he should leave the horse and his burden there and walk on to camp the friends of the Spanish plotters would come up in his absence to the horse and remove the body of their comrade, for Hal believed that not all the treacherous enemies had been discovered as yet.

"There are probably more of them back in that clearing," he said to himself, "and they will watch their chance to get rid of the horse and rescue the body of their comrade. Now, the colonel told me to bring the man back, but he didn't say that I was to do it inside of an hour, or any other time. Consequently, if I bring it back to-morrow morning, I shall still be within my instructions.

"Meantime, I can go back to the clearing and find what is going on there, and may catch another prisoner. That is what I will do, for it is from that direction that the enemy will come, if they come at all."

Having come to this decision, Hal was quick to act upon it. He removed the body of the Spanish plotter and laid it by the roadside.

Then he tethered the horse where the animal could lie down comfortably, if he grew too sore to stand.

This done, Hal started back in the direction of the clearing, but he had hardly taken a step when he halted abruptly, his attention attracted by a man, whose presence there not only surprised him, but aroused his deepest suspicions.

It was no other than Carrigan, the ex-policeman.

Hal waited for Carrigan to come up, eyeing him, meanwhile, sharply.

Carrigan returned the glance for a minute, and then, looking aside, was about to pass by without speaking.

"Where are you going," Hal demanded sternly.

Carrigan halted, and replied readily:

"I am taking a letter to Mr. Hauson."

"Who is he, and where is he?" demanded Hal.

"He is a farmer who has a little place about half a mile beyond here; perhaps you have seen it."

Hal did remember that there was a small house at about that distance beyond. It was the last house between the camp and the place where Major Dowd had maneuvered.

The lieutenant did some pretty hard thinking for a few moments. Carrigan's answers were straight enough, and as if to prove his statements, he held an envelope in his hand. What Hal suspected was that the ex-policeman had leagued himself with the Spanish plotters in their attempts to disable the Rough Riders' horses.

On the other hand, there was absolute-

GET A COLLECTION OF WAR BADGES AND BUTTONS.



ly no evidence against Carrigan, except the fact that Colonel Roosevelt suspected him, and possibly the further fact that he was going in the direction of the clearing, where, apparently, the plotters had a rendezvous.

"Let me see that letter," said Hal.

"I will let you see it," replied Carrigans, "but I will tell you something first—Great Scott! what's that?"

Carrigan recoiled a step as he spoke. He had just caught sight of the dead body by the roadside.

"That," said Hal coolly, "shows the way I treat Uncle Sam's enemies."

"Well," said Carrigan, after the slightest pause, "you are a soldier and an officer, and I suppose you know your business, but I was going to tell you that I have been an officer of the law, and I know something about what the law is."

"Doubtless," returned Hal. "You used to be a New York policeman. Your name is Carrigan."

The ex-policeman looked amazed.

"How did you get on to that?" he asked. Then he added, "But I suppose Teddy spotted me, and told you."

"Teddy," cried Hal in a stern voice. "What do you mean by that?"

"Excuse me," said Carrigan hastily, "I meant Colonel Roosevelt. You see when I was on the force, we all got into the habit of referring to him as Teddy, and it just slipped out before I thought."

"Are you going to show me that letter?"

"I said so, but I was going to tell you that it is private matter. This is not a camp, and the country just here is not

under martial law, but you are a soldier, and I leave it to you to do what is right. The only thing I ask is, that you do not say anything about me to Colonel Roosevelt. He is sore on me, and doesn't think I can do anything that is straight, and it is just because he is your superior officer that I am letting you see this letter which I am paid to carry to Mr. Hanson."

With this, Carrigan handed over the envelope. It was sealed and addressed to

"Oliver Hanson, Esq.,  
Everglade Plantation."

"This is private business," thought Hal, "and I don't believe I have any right to touch it. I can't tamper with private correspondence on mere suspicion. The only thing I have a right to do is to report Carrigan's suspicious movements to Colonel Roosevelt, but, at the same time, I must say that the fellow seems to be straight. But he is going on toward that clearing, which makes it all the more important that I should do so, too, and see what is going on. If I should catch him talking to Spaniards there, it would be proof enough that he is a traitor."

At the end of his thought on the matter, Hal handed the envelope back to Carrigan and said: "You may go on with it."

The ex-policeman accordingly trudged up the road and soon disappeared around a bend.

Hal waited until he was out of sight, and then struck off himself in the same direction. He did not want to overtake Carrigan, and, moreover, he did not wish to be seen going that way on the road.

SHOW YOUR COLORS—SEE LAST PAGE.



He remembered, too, that the road curved a good deal before it was lost in the forest, and for all these reasons, he decided to leave it and try to make a short cut across the country to the clearing.

Accordingly, he turned from the road, and presently was making his way through the woods.

The sun had set by the time he had entered the forest, but the growing darkness did not disturb Hal, for he had long been accustomed to making his way through a rough country with no other guide than his senses.

If the country had been of a kind with which he was familiar, there could have been no doubt but that Hal would have reached the clearing speedily and safely, but there was one feature of this land that Hal had overlooked.

A great portion of Florida is covered by impassable swamps. Straight ahead, a long distance to be sure, but nevertheless in the direction he was taking, was the great swamp region known as the Everglades. This covers hundreds of square miles of territory, and the general swampy effect of the land reaches far out from it in every direction.

For that matter, in Central and Southern Florida, there are numerous swamps, some small, but all of them treacherous and dangerous.

Hal discovered this before he had made more than half the distance to the clearing.

The land descended so gradually from the place where he had left his horse that he had not realized that he was going

down grade until his feet were splashing in water.

Instantly, he thought of the swamps, but felt no alarm because the ground was hard beneath his feet.

To make perfectly sure, he lighted a match, and by the light of it, examined the ground near him. It all seemed solid enough, and, in fact, it looked as if he had merely stepped into a small pool.

So when the match went out, he went on.

It was but a few paces further when the ground began to feel very differently. It was no longer hard. His boots came up with a sucking sound, and with every step, he was conscious that he went a little deeper into the mud.

Ordinarily mud would have had no terror for him, but he felt that this was not merely mud, but probably the beginning of a bog, across which he could not go, so he turned to the left, with the idea of going around it.

As luck would have it, he took exactly the wrong turn, and the next instant was struggling in slime and ooze up to his knees.

Worse than that, he felt himself slowly but surely sinking.

He reached out his hand and tried to catch at the branches of trees to pull himself out.

There was nothing within reach except long coarse grass, which came up when he pulled at it.

It was impossible to extricate his feet from the ooze.

Whenever he tried to raise one, the other went down so much the further.

"ADMIRAL SAMPSON" BUTTON FREE—SEE PAGE 32.



It seemed, therefore, that his chance for safety lay in standing as still as possible in the hope that when he had sunk a little further, he would stop there.

What that would lead to, he could not think, but it was certainly better to stand part way down in the mud than to force himself beneath the surface by useless efforts to get out of it.

He decided to see whether he had already sunk as far as he naturally would by his own weight.

So he gave up his struggle, and meantime lighted another match and looked around him. Within a few feet of him were a number of trees, with low hanging branches.

If he could only grasp even one of these branches, he might be able to pull himself out, or, at least, to hold himself from slipping further in.

Vain hope.

The limbs bent down so close that it seemed as if a breeze would brush them against his face, but he could not touch one of them even with his fingertips.

Then, he looked down to the ooze.

During the burning of a match, he could see that he descended further.

"This, then," he thought dismally, "is to be my end as a soldier. I have got to sink slowly into this mud and slime until it covers me. There is no use in shouting for assistance, for there is no one within miles of the spot, except possibly some Spanish plotters in the clearing, and they would not help me out if they could. For that matter, no human being would dare to come into this swamp at night.

"Well, if I must die here, I must, and my chief regret is that I cannot report back to the colonel and help the Rough Riders to get rid of these conspirators."

## CHAPTER VI.

### OLE MAMMY.

The time dragged with Hal, in the darkness there, but it could not go too slowly, for, with every passing minute, he felt that he was slipping deeper into the fatal ooze.

He had descended until his hips were at a level with the surface, when the deathly stillness of the forest was broken by a scratching noise.

For an instant, Hal believed that it was made by a serpent, writhing its way across the swamp to attack him.

"Can't stand that," he said to himself desperately. "I can die by suffocation in the mud, but hang me, if I will let a serpent add to the agony by its poisoning bite."

So thinking, he drew his revolver and match box at the same time.

The box being light, did not sink into the mud, and Hal therefore laid it before him.

He struck one of the matches, and by its light looked all around, him, revolver cocked and ready to fire.

The scratching, crackling noise continued, drawing nearer all the time, and he confidently expected soon to see the gleaming eyeballs of the serpent.

That he should be able to kill the serpent, he had no doubt; and presently the light of his match did reveal two glowing



spots in the darkness not a dozen feet away.

They seemed far apart for the eyes of a serpent but Hal did not know but that they might be the eyes of some monstrous snake against which he would have a hard battle and he raised his revolver intending to take careful aim and not fire until the eyes were so close that one bullet would be sure to do the business.

Then, suddenly, he lowered the weapon, and gave a cry of joy.

At the same instant, there came a frantic whining and yelping mingled together from the spot where the eyes were shining in the reflected light of the match.

"Prex! Prex!" cried Hal, "how did you get here old fellow?"

Prex was Hal's other animal friend, equally as faithful and well loved as his horse.

He was a dog whom Hal had captured from the dons, who had attempted to blow up the transport fleet at Port Tampa. The dons called the dog McKinley, and Hal called him Prex for short.

The beast was much attached to its master, and had been with him in all his various duties at the camp. On this occasion, of course, he had followed his master's trail from the camp until he had come upon him at the swamp.

"Bow-wow-wow," was the answer. Prex gave to Hal's question, and the tone of it suggested that the dog was partly glad to find its master, and a great deal more terrified to find him in such a fix.

"Prex, old fellow," said Hal. "As the boys say, I am in it, and confound it, old

chap, I want to get out of it. What do you suppose we can do about it, Prex? There isn't much time to lose, doggie; upon my word, there isn't; for before long I shall be in it up to my neck, and you know that is where the chicken got the axe. It is all the same one way or the other, Prex, and I am afraid it is no use for me to talk to you here in my language, and for you to bow-wow there in yours, for I don't suppose we will ever understand each other. I am afraid we had better say good-by to each other, old chap."

It is not to be supposed that Prex understood his master's words; but there is no question but that he understood the situation perfectly.

He had kept up an incessant bow-wow-ing while Hal was speaking, and at the conclusion he turned about and trotted away yelping and howling as he went.

"That is his way of saying good-by," thought Hal, "and I know what he is trying to do. The poor beast hopes to get help for me, but he won't find it. He won't come across anybody this side of the camp; and even if they should understand him there, they would not have time to get here before I should be out of sight."

But Hal was mistaken.

Not in guessing what the dog's intention was, but in supposing that he would have to go clear to the camp for assistance.

Not more than a quarter of an hour had passed from the time when the dog's barking ceased in the distance when Hal again heard the familiar voice of his animal friend.

WE WANT EVERY READER TO HAVE A PATRIOTIC BADGE—SEE PAGE 32.



There was another tone to that barking now.

"Hold on a little longer; keep your courage up," it seemed to say.

Hal could hardly believe his ears, but he was quick to notice the difference in the dog's manner of barking, and he felt certain that Prex was really returning with assistance.

And so it proved.

The yelping came nearer and nearer, and presently, Hal could distinguish the heavy tread of a man, following the dog along through the bushes and underbrush.

"Hallo," called Hal. "You want to come cautiously now, friend."

"Can you strike a light," responded a voice that was strangely familiar.

For reply, Hal lighted a match and held it above his head.

"All right, I see it," called the newcomer.

The steps approached nearer, and presently halted at the very edge of the swamp.

"Light another match, mister, until I can see how to get at yer," said the voice.

Hal, at the very moment was scratching the last match in his box.

The tiny flame threw a circle of light around him and turning his head he saw ex-policeman Carrigan standing beside Prex beneath a tree.

"So it is you," said Carrigan, "and I am glad of it."

"You don't mean to say you are going to leave me here?" cried Hal.

"Leave you!" fairly shouted the ex-

policeman. "Thunderation, no, I am going to get you out. You just hold steady until I can climb into this tree."

"I can't get very far away, Carrigan," replied Hal.

Carrigan worked with great rapidity.

He pulled himself into a tree, which extended a branch directly over Hal's head.

By crawling out on this branch, Carrigan depressed it by his weight, until Hal could reach it.

"Are you strong enough to hold onto it" asked Carrigan.

"Indeed I am," returned Hal. "The only question is whether the branch has got spring enough in it to yank me out."

"If it hasn't," said Carrigan, "I'll crawl out further on it until I can reach you and pull you out myself; but that would be dangerous, and we had better give the branch a try first."

So Carrigan crawled back to the trunk of the tree.

As he went, his weight becoming less and less on the branch, it began to strain upward, and as Hal held on to it, it slowly but surely pulled him from the ooze.

At last, he was able to pull himself upon the branch by his own muscles and so returned in safety to solid earth.

There was a joyful meeting then between him and his dog, and he thanked Carrigan most heartily for the assistance he had given him.

"You needn't thank me," said Carrigan, "but I wish you'd tell Teddy, excuse me, Colonel Roosevelt, about this for I want him to understand that I'm a white man."



"I will tell him without fail," exclaimed Hal.

Together they returned through the woods to the road.

"I was just going back to camp from Hanson's," said Carrigan, "when your dog came whining along and I knew from his actions that something was the matter, but I didn't suspect what it was nor who it was. As I said before I am glad that it was you. Are you going back to camp?"

"Not now," replied Hal, "I am going on other business, but I wish you would report to Colonel Roosevelt and Colonel Wood and tell them where my horse is tethered. If they ask where I am going, tell them to the clearing."

"The clearing? What's that?"

"They will understand."

"All right, but don't get into another bog."

"I won't, because I will stick to the road I know now."

Before leaving Carrigan he ordered Prex to go home, for he feared that the dog might betray him to the enemy by yelping.

Hal followed the course taken by Major Dowd's battalion in the afternoon, and came at length, without accident, to the edge of the clearing.

The moon had now arisen, and by its light, he could see the shanty at the other side quite distinctly.

There was a moving figure near it.

At first, Hal could not make out whether it was that of a human being or of an animal, but presently, he came to the conclusion that it was human, and a woman at that.

By the slow awkward movements, he presumed that it was a negro woman, who perhaps had been engaged as a housekeeper for the Spanish plotters.

He watched her for a minute, and then heard the sound of a voice humming a tune.

"She seems to be alone," he thought. "As there is no question about the loyalty of the colored people, I have no doubt but that she was engaged by these plotters without her having any idea as to what their business is, consequently, I can learn a good deal by going over and talking with her."

With this thought, Hal crossed the clearing, without attempting to conceal his movements, and approached the shanty.

As he drew near, the sound of the humming ceased, and the woman stood stockstill, evidently looking at him in some astonishment.

"Who is you?" she said presently, in a rather gruff voice, such as many a negro woman uses when angered.

"I am a soldier, auntie," replied Hal cheerfully. "Who are you?"

"Oh! I'se nuffin but Ole Mammy," she answered. "Ise dess tendin' mah gahden, Mister Soger."

"So this is your garden, is it mammy?"

"Deed it is, honey. What yo' doin' way out heah, soger?"

"I think I am lost, mammy, and when I saw your cabin, I thought I would rest awhile."

"Yo kin rest awhile," she responded, and she stepped into the shadow of the cabin, and opened the door.



Hal was particularly anxious to see inside of that cabin. It was his plan to engage the old woman in small talk until she should tell him, without invitation, all she knew about the men who had been using her cabin and garden patch for a Spanish rendezvous.

Accordingly, he followed her to the cabin door.

"Yo' go right inside, honey," she said, standing aside to let him enter.

He did so, and just as he passed her, she threw her arm around his throat, bore her whole weight upon him, and crushed him to the ground.

"Now, you pig of an American," cried a voice that was surely of "Ole Mammy," but yet different in tone, "I've got you where you can't stir, and there will be one Rough Rider the less to invade Cuba."

Hal realized the situation the moment he felt himself attacked. He knew then, but too late, that this "Ole Mammy" was no negress, but, on the other hand, one of the Spanish plotters in disguise. Taken completely by surprise, the young lieutenant could not defend himself until he had been borne to the ground.

Then, before he could strike an effective blow, or get his revolver in hand, there was a dancing of stars before his eyes, a severe pain upon his temple, and he became unconscious.

And at just that moment, there dashed into the clearing a half dozen men, led by Lieutenant Harper. They heard the sound of a struggle in the cabin, and made for it with all speed.

Arrived there, they were just in time to intercept the disguised Spaniard as he was hurrying away.

They made a prisoner of him, and then attended to Hal.

"Poor fellow," said Harper, "he has been with us only a short time, but he was the star of the Rough Riders, for that, and now he is done for."

"What's that?" said Hal, very feeble to be sure, but very much alive nevertheless. "I am not done for. Where is the treacherous mammy?"

"If you mean the fellow disguised as a negress," returned Harper joyfully, "he is a prisoner."

Hal had been merely stunned by the disguised Spaniard's blow. The darkness probably prevented the Spaniard from striking as he meant to, for of course the blow was meant to kill.

When Hal did not return to camp for a long time after he set out to pursue the supposed veterinary, Colonel Wood and the other officers grew anxious about him. Then, putting their heads together, they concluded that Hal had probably gone on to the clearing, and he might have gotten captured there by the Spanish plotters, who were supposed to have a rendezvous in that spot.

By that time, the dumb prisoner had been persuaded to speak.

He really had as much voice as anybody else, and seeing that the only chance to save his life lay in confession, he told all he knew about the plot.

There were only three men in it, himself, the veterinary, and one other. Al

BY ALL MEANS GET A FREE BUTTON OR PIN—SEE LAST PAGE.



the Spaniards who had come to Flor-  
on the pretense of establishing an  
ange grove. Being here, they had en-  
avored to hurt the American cause in  
e manner described in the letter Hal  
ad captured.

Fearing that Hal might have been  
ercome by the veterinary and the third  
aniard, the colonel dispatched Lieu-  
nant Harper with six men to go to his  
d.

On the way, they had met Carrigan,  
ho told them about the adventure in  
e bog, and who mentioned the word  
clearing."

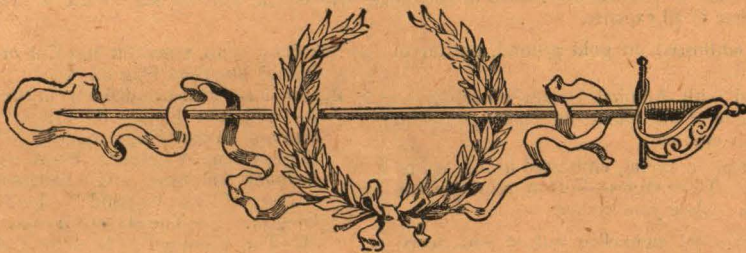
So Hal's rescue was effected, although  
it proved, he was in no need of rescue,  
nd would have taken care of himself in  
few minutes.

Harper's men captured the last of the  
plotters, and that ended the troubles of  
the Rough Riders from that quarter.

When they returned to camp with their  
second prisoner, Hal was highly compli-  
mented by Colonel Wood and Lieutenant  
Colonel Roosevelt, but nothing gave  
him more pleasure than the fact that  
his report of the day's doings convinced  
Roosevelt that ex-policeman Carrigan  
was not only a loyal man, but that he  
had not been up to any mischief what-  
ever.

[THE END.]

The next number of the Starry Flag  
Weekly will contain "Old Glory in Ha-  
vana; or, Hal Maynard's Mission in the  
Enemy's Stronghold," by Douglas Wells.





## HOW TO DO BUSINESS.

This book is a guide to success in life, embracing Principles of Business, Choice of Pursuit, Buying and Selling, General Management, Mechanical Trades, Manufacturing, Bookkeeping, Causes of Success and Failure, Business Maxims and Forms, etc. It also contains an appendix of complete business forms and a dictionary of commercial terms. No young man should be without this valuable book. It gives complete information about trades, professions and occupations in which any young man is interested. Price ten cents. Address

STREET & SMITH, 25 Rose street, New York  
(Manual Library Department.)

## Red, White and Blue Quarterly.

The earlier issues of Red, White and Blue are now on sale in the form of Quarterlies, each including 13 consecutive issues of this favorite weekly, together with the 13 original illuminated illustrations, and an elegant cover in colors. The price is 50 Cents per volume for which sum they will be sent by mail post-paid to any address in the United States.

- - NOW READY. - -

- |                  |                                       |
|------------------|---------------------------------------|
| No. 1, including | Nos. 1 to 13 of Red, White and Blue.  |
| No. 2, "         | Nos. 14 to 26 of Red, White and Blue. |
| No. 3, "         | Nos. 27 to 39 of Red, White and Blue. |
| No. 4, "         | Nos. 40 to 52 of Red, White and Blue. |

If your Newsdealer has not got the Quarterlies, remit direct to the publishers,

STREET & SMITH, 81 Fulton St., N. Y.



## Show Your Colors!

Every American boy should wear a patriotic emblem to show where his sympathies lie in these stirring times of war.

Messrs. Street & Smith have made arrangements to present a patriotic badge or button to every reader of their popular publications for boys. The conditions are easy. Read them.

We publish six 32-page, illuminated cover weeklies for boys, retailing for five cents each, as follows:

**The True Blue,  
The Starry Flag,  
The Tip Top Weekly,**

**The Klondike Kit Weekly,  
The Nick Carter Weekly,  
The Diamond Dick, Jr.**

We wish the readers of one series to become acquainted with the entire line. On and after the present date the coupon at the foot of this column will be printed in each one of the above-mentioned publications. Three coupons each clipped from a different publication, mailed to our office, will entitle you to one of the following, sent to your address, post-paid, free of all expense.

1. American Flag, embossed on gold ground, button or pin as preferred.
2. Aluminum Medal with Admiral Dewey's portrait on front, and picture of the Maine on reverse, pendant from Aluminum emblem.
3. The American Flag, in metal, embossed in red, white, blue and gold. Three styles—button, scarf pin and ladies' hat pin. State your choice.
4. American Flag on white enamelled button with lever-hinge. (Two of these will make a neat pair of cuff buttons.)
5. Silk Bow, with American and Cuban flags combined.
6. Celluloid American Flag on pin.
7. Button 1 1/4 inches in diameter in the following designs:  
A—American Flag. B—Cuban Flag. C—American and Cuban Flags together. D—American and English Flags together. E—Admiral Dewey. F—Admiral Sampson. G—Battleship Maine. H—"Now, will you be good." I—The Iowa. J—The Oregon. K—The Massachusetts. L—The Indiana. M—The Brooklyn. N—The Columbia. O—The Texas. P—General Lee (order by letter and number, as 7-B., 7-D., etc.)

You can secure as many pins and badges as you desire, provided you send sufficient coupons. Three coupons secure any of the above provided each of the set of three is from a different publication. **ORDER BY NUMBER.**

Send in your coupon. Remember this is a purely gratuitous gift on our part, intended to call your attention to others of our publications besides the ones you are now purchasing. If you cannot procure what you desire from your newsdealer, send us ten cents and one coupon, and we will send you by return mail a copy of two other publications and the badge which you may select. Address your coupon to

STREET & SMITH'S PREMIUM DEPT., 81 Fulton Street, New York.

by Lieutenant Harper. They heard the sound of a struggle in the cabin, and made for it with all speed.

he told all he knew about the plot.

There were only three men in it, himself, the veterinary, and one other.

**BY ALL MEANS GET A FREE BUTTON OR PIN—SEE LAST PAGE.**

## AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY

Many people imagine that a photographer's camera is a difficult machine to handle, and that the work is dirty and disagreeable. This is a mistake. Photography is a clean, light, and pleasant accomplishment, within the reach of all. The camera will prove a friend, reporter, and helper. With a very inexpensive camera a boy or girl can now learn not only to take good pictures, but pictures that there is everywhere a demand for at remunerative prices. A complete guide to this fascinating art, entitled **AMATEUR MANUAL OF PHOTOGRAPHY** will be sent on receipt of ten cents.

STREET & SMITH, 25 Rose street, New York  
(Manual Library Department.)

## WRESTLING.

History tells us that wrestling was the first form of athletic pastime. Without doubt, it gives strength and firmness, combined with quickness and pliability, to the limbs, vigor to the body, coolness and discrimination to the head and elasticity to the temper, the whole forming an energetic combination of the greatest power to be found in man. The book is entitled **PROFESSOR MULDOON'S WRESTLING**. It is fully illustrated, and will be sent postpaid on receipt of ten cents. Address

STREET & SMITH, 25 Rose street, New York.  
(Manual Library Department.)

## OUT-DOOR SPORTS.

Complete instructions for playing many of the most popular out-door games is found in this book. The games are illustrated and very easily mastered. Price ten cents. Address

STREET & SMITH, 25 Rose street, New York.  
(Manual Library Department.)



**"Naval Stories by a Naval Officer."**  
**TRUE BLUE**  
*The Best Naval Library Published*

This weekly is devoted to the stirring adventures of Our Boys in Blue. The famous naval author, Ensign Clarke Fitch, U. S. N., has been engaged exclusively to write for this Library.

Rousing, dashing stories of peril and adventure in blockade and chase with Spanish fleet told by an eye witness.

No.

- 1—Clif Faraday on the New York; or, A Naval Cadet Under Fire.
- 2—Remember the Maine; or, Clif Faraday's Rallying Cry.
- 3—"Well Done, Porter!" or, Clif Faraday's Torpedo Boat Command.
- 4—Clif Faraday Under Havana's Guns; or, The Stroke for a Capture.
- 5—A Traitor on the Flagship; or, Clif Faraday's Strange Clue.
- 6—A Mysterious Prize; or, Clif Faraday's Thrilling Chase.
- 7—In the Enemy's Hands; or, Clif Faraday's Eventful Cruise.
- 8—Out of Morro Castle; or, Clif Faraday's Escape.
- 9—Clif Faraday's Test; or, The Mystery of the Unexploded Shell.
- 10—The Shot That Won; or, Clif Faraday's Steady Aim.
- 11—In the Face of Death; or, Clif Faraday's Gallantry.
- 12—Clif Faraday Under Arrest; or, Court-Martialled for Patriotism.

For sale by all newsdealers, or will be sent on receipt of price, 5 cents each, by the publishers, Street & Smith, 81 Fulton Street, New York.

# Tip Top Weekly

**An Ideal Publication for the American Youth.**

Tales of School, Fun, College, Travel and Adventure. The heroes are Americans. The stories are written by the best American authors of boys' stories. The illustrations are designed by a noted artist and printed in colors with new and expensive machinery procured expressly for our famous line of publications. 32 pages, illuminated cover—5 cents.

Titles of the latest stories:

No.

- 117—Frank Merriwell's Misfortune; or, The Start on a New Career.
- 116—Frank Merriwell's Masquerade; or, The Belle of Hurricane Island.
- 115—Frank Merriwell's Fist; or, Bound to Know the Truth.
- 114—Frank Merriwell's Daring; or, Elsie Bellwood's Sacrifice.
- 113—Frank Merriwell's Drift; or, With The Penobscot River Drivers.
- 112—Frank Merriwell's Peril; or, The Smugglers of the Border.
- 111—Frank Merriwell's Guide; or, Sport Around Moosehead Lake.
- 110—Frank Merriwell's Catch; or, The Canoe Boys of Lake Sebasticook.
- 109—Frank Merriwell's Pursuit; or, The Chase of the Stolen Yacht.

For sale by all newsdealers, or will be sent on receipt of price, 5 cents each, by the publishers, Street & Smith, 81 Fulton Street, New York.

## Nick Carter Weekly

**The Latest and Best Series of Stories of Detective Work.**

This series of stories will tell how Nick Carter, the most famous detective in the world, trains and educates intelligent and worthy young men in the requirements of the profession. Every youth that wishes to become a detective or takes any interest in the methods of the profession, will be eager to read these stories. 32 pages, illuminated cover—5 cents.

The latest titles are:

No.

- 79—Buff's Slide for Life; or, The Man Who Planted Money.
- 78—The Living Target; or, Jack Burton's Friend for Life.
- 77—Roxy's Talking Clue; or, The Mystery of the Magic Maze.
- 76—Bob Ferret's Trolley Trail; or, The School Detective's Patched-Up Quarry.
- 75—The Human Fly; or, Roxy's Message to the Wide Awake School Boys.
- 74—The Great Detective Trio; or, Nick Carter's Boys in a New School.
- 73—Roxy's Golden Decoy; or, The Girl Detective Plays a Lone Hand.

For sale by all newsdealers, or will be sent on receipt of price, 5 cents each, by the publishers, Street & Smith, 81 Fulton Street, New York.

## Diamond Dick, Jr.

**The Boys' Best Weekly.**

Stories of the most fascinating western romance, in which this hero is the leading character, can only be found in this weekly library. The Diamond Dick stories have a snap and go to them that has made them very popular with the youth of our land. 32 pages, illuminated cover—5 cents.

The latest titles are:

No.

- 90—Diamond Dick, Jr.'s Puzzling Purchase; or, A Bundle of Rags Well Lined.
- 89—Diamond Dick, Jr.'s Roll Call; or, A Piece Not in the Programme.
- 88—Diamond Dick, Jr.'s Orders; or, Handsome Harry in an Up-to-Date Hold-Up.
- 87—Diamond Dick, Jr., as Station Agent; or, Fun and Fight at Flush City.
- 86—Diamond Dick, Jr.'s Dangerous Bet; or, One Way to Save a Friend.
- 85—Diamond Dick, Jr.'s Tricky Telegrams; or, The New Schoolmarm at Sugar Notch.
- 84—Diamond Dick, Jr.'s Substitute; or, A Blockade That Was Raised.
- 83—Diamond Dick, Jr.'s Warning; or, A Chip In at the Last Lap.

For sale by all newsdealers, or will be sent on receipt of price, 5 cents each, by the publishers, Street & Smith, 81 Fulton Street, New York.